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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

## ...The Yancey Birthday...

Richard Floman, a lawyer and orator, and successful, self-made man, was standing himself exceedingly bored, and blamable his fate accordingly. What had he done that he should have to sit still in the car, while a very young lawyer poured fatuous platitudes into his unwilling ear?

"I don't know that I'll show myself any too prominently about court today," the insane chatter went glibly on. "I had an intimation on the street that I might be appointed to defend that fellow Yancey, and I don't want anything to do with the case. It does a man no good to get mixed with these low-flung murder cases, when popular sentiment is down on the criminal. You got the worst of it whether you clear him or not—and of course it would be impossible to clear Yancey."

"Yes?" returned Floman, drily, looking out of the window.

"Oh, of course. You see, he's got no friends at all. The strikers are down on him because he refused to go out with them—and yet he goes and makes an assault on the proprietor of the business—right at Yancey's own door, too—when Stein was probably calling there to do something for his family—and Stein falls and strikes his head and dies—and so everybody else is against him. A man gets no honor for defending a case like that. All the fellows are fighting shy of it. Personally, I'm going to keep out of it, for a man's reputation is—"

"I'm on me. I get out here," said Richard Floman abruptly, and swung himself down from the car, wondering vaguely what he had done to be visited by such unattractive plagues.

He was three miles short of his office, but why should he hurry to reach the office, where more bores awaited him, doubtless, to talk him into a deeper frenzy? Let his partner attend to them for a little while. He plunged into the park across the way and took off his hat under the trees. He had the park almost to himself. The children were at school or going there; the nurse-maids had not come out yet.

In all these shady spaces, just himself and two children. They were a girl and a boy, seated on a bench. The girl's feet hung down, but did not touch the ground, and the boy's feet stood straight out before him because his legs were too short to hang down. The boy was crying dismally and Floman, who was in a lounging mood, stopped and spoke to him.

"Hello, young man," he said, "what's all these tears for? Lost your ball? Broken your wagon?"

He spoke gruffly and awkwardly—not with the silvery persuasiveness that melted all hearts in the courtroom and on the rostrum. He was not used to speaking to children. There was no boy in his house, and no ball or wagon. He and a certain proud and cold woman would have been better and happier to have had them there.

The boy ceased sobbing, a little frightened; but the girl explained with a sobbing smile.

"No sir, he's crying because tomorrow's the Yancey birthday, and papa can't come home—and so we won't get anything."

Floman found his attention caught by this earnest speech. Most of the speeches he heard were anything but earnest. He sat down on an opposite bench and looked at the two, his hands in his pockets.

"What kind of a birthday was that you mentioned?" he asked politely. "Something new in birthdays?"

The child's face flushed. It was a pretty little face that had grown too delicate.

"The Yancey birthday," she explained carefully. "You see, that is our name—we are Yanceys, and tomorrow is our birthday—mamma's and Boy's, and mine. We are all three twins. And that's what made papa call it the Yancey birthday."

She smiled up at him innocently, delighted to take him into her childish confidence.

"That is a beautiful idea," he said gravely. "And why isn't papa coming home to buy Boy something?"

He had not thought until then—he had been merely passing an idle half-hour—but the look on the child's face, the sorrow so much older than her years, struck to his heart.

"Oh, I see," he said gamely, "your father is Frank Yancey?"

"Yes," said the girl, in patient little tones. "Then she went on telling about it. 'We used to have a splendid birthday when papa came home—sometimes a picnic if it wasn't too cold—and n' things for all of us. Of course, now mamma and I talk things over, and we can understand it, but Boy's such a baby, and he cries.'"

"Oh! Boy's such a baby, is he?" asked Floman. It had been a long time since he had been sorry for anyone, but now something was tugging at his heartstrings. He was looking down at Boy's sister, whose feet did not touch the ground.

"Oh, yes," she said resignedly. "And that's the reason I bring him out here, so that he can cry without making mamma feel bad. Mamma and I talked things over for nights, and nights, trying to fix up something for him, but he couldn't feel quite so bad, but we couldn't think of a thing. You don't have very good times when your papa is away, do you? If it wasn't that I talk over everything with mamma—every single thing—I don't know what we'd do."

The tall gentleman in the other seat

looked away down the avenue. A pathetic little long-gone vision rose up out of that past when he had not been successful nor self-made. It was a vision of a raw country boy, going home from church through the moonlight under the whispering trees, with a timid, little hand on his arm. The boy had devoured the sweet, innocent young face beside him with hungry eyes, and had hated Frank Yancey in his heart for having wooed and won her before he had a chance. If he had seen her first, he told himself, she would have taken him; and he tossed on his bed all that night, torn with jealous rage and love that could never be told. No matter—that was long ago—he came to the city the next morning and entered upon his career.

When he thought of her during the next few years it was to thank heaven that he had escaped a marriage that would have kept him grinding to the end of his days. But now, as he looked away down the avenue, some how the old thrill went to his heart—he felt the light touch on his arm, making a leaping madness in his veins—and saw the moonlight drifting over the brownest hair and bluest eyes in all the world. His own eyes dimmed at the memory of it. Well, it was long ago, and he was successful among men, but there had never been another night like that.

"Oh, dear! If papa could only come home," was the tired little sigh that awakened him. He started and turned to see Boy asleep on his sister's lap, while two tears rolled slowly down her thin cheeks.

"You—you mustn't cry!" he stammered. "Perhaps—"

"I don't let mamma see me cry," she replied, smiling up at him with a childish, womanliness that broke his heart. He snatched his hat from the bench and started up, looking at his watch. If there were only time!

"See here," he said, with an excitement that he had not felt in many a long day. "You go home—and talk over things with mamma—and tell her—ask her if she remembers Dick Floman—and tell her—well tell her that Frank isn't without a friend, after all!"

If there were only time!

Ten minutes afterwards he was pushing through a throng of spectators that crowded the court room and extended into the corridor outside. Men stood on tip-toe to peep over one another's heads, that they might catch a glimpse of the prisoner who was not with the strikers and yet had done enough to land what some of them longed, yet did not dare to do; who had kept persistent silence during his imprisonment, and who refused to employ a lawyer, though he knew himself to be in dire extremity.

"Ten to one his neck'll stretch," said a man in the door, as Floman pushed by him. He heard the whisper and saw the dark looks cast upon the prisoner; then he walked across the court room and took his place at the prisoner's side.

He was just in time.

"Does anyone volunteer to represent Francis Yancey?" the judge was asking, and Floman stood up.

"I do, your honor," he said.

There was a moment of amazed silence, broken by an excited whisper that went around the court room. If Floman had taken up this case—the great Floman—why, then—

People who saw him saw how he stooped and whispered a word in the stupefied prisoner's ear and clasped his hand. Then he arose with head thrown up and lips set, and those who knew him knew that there was a battle in hand.

What that battle was is still remembered and spoken of with a thrill of pride by those who watched its progress, who heard the examination and cross-examination of witnesses; who wept and laughed for two hours, swayed by such oratory as he had never uttered and as they had never heard. If he had been famous before, those two hours left his fame doubled, for the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, without leaving the box, and holy denied afterwards that they were under a spell. When the verdict was rendered, men shouted and threw up their hats, and when the court room was cleared went out wiping their eyes.

Frank Yancey was led out staggering by the man who had saved him. As Floman put him into a cab, he leaned forward, his face working.

"I've done this, Dick," he whispered. "I'll tell you why I did it. I reached home at a time to hear him insult my wife—and I'd a' gone to the gallows before I'd a' mixed her name up in it."

"Good for you, old man," returned Floman, with a roar of speech, but with a return of his long-gone heartiness that gave him a tender feeling about the eyes. Perhaps the tender feeling reached its root down further, for he grasped the trembling hand on the cab window. "Keep up a stout heart, Frank," he said. "I've got my eye on a position—worlds better than the one you had—chance of promotion, too. Well, goodbye. Give my love to—the little girl that talks things over with mamma!"

It was late when the great lawyer reached home that evening. He had been detained by a box—a very important box—which, after being packed to the brim, had to be marked, "For the Yancey birthday," and sent by a messenger. He went home at last, proud and smiling, the lady, cold and proud, reminding him of a social obligation to which they were already late.

"Oh, the Willoughby dinner," he exclaimed. "I forgot all about it. You can go, my dear, and me to my excuses. I am too tired and not fit for it. I've been fixing up a birthday for

some little children."

She smiled, but there was a hurt in the smile, and in her eyes.

"Good night," he said as she kissed him. "There is a little girl—but you shall see her and be a friend to her. Good night."

He sat down, looking into the glow of the fire, and long after the coals were veiled with silvery ashes he still saw there the brownest hair and bluest eyes that were ever seen, and a raw country boy, lost out of his life long ago, looking at them and dreaming futile young dreams.

CONGRESSIONAL HUMOR.

The Wit of the Great Statesmen Flows Fast and Freely.

Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, who was conspicuous during the last session of Congress for his attacks on the conduct of the war in the Philippines, used to be a newspaper man before he entered the arena of politics, says the New York Commercial.

He was asked the other day if he was sensitive to the bitter criticisms made by some of the newspapers on account of his arraignment of the American soldiers in the Philippines.

"Not in the least," he replied, "and that reminds me of a story. There used to be a man in our town who was not very tall and who was so bow-legged as to appear deformed or crippled. But he had plenty of muscle and a good deal of grit. One time the bow-legged man became involved in a dispute with a husky six-footer who, becoming tired of the verbal argument, advanced upon his opponent with a threatening air and said:

"You little runt! I've a good notion to chew your gizzard!—whatever that may mean."

"At this the bow-legged man immediately gathered himself together, squared off, and said: 'A' right! I've been mostly raised on chewed gizzard, so sail in!'"

"As I was once a newspaper man," concluded Senator Carmack, "I don't much care what they say about me. Besides, I've been raised on that sort of thing."

One day when Senator-elect McCreary, of Kentucky, was out looking after his political fences he stopped before a house where there was a well in the yard and asked for a drink, says the New York Times.

"Sorry, Mister," responded the man of the house, "but there ain't a drop of water in this place. I am getting purdy dry myself."

"Isn't there any water in the well?" exclaimed McCreary.

"Of course there is," blurted out the man: "I don't know you wanted water. I thought you wanted a drink."

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, poured out a glass of ice water and drank it with evident satisfaction. "There isn't anything quite as good as water after all," quoth Blackburn, "which, by the way," he added, "reminds me of a story."

"Down in Kentucky," began Mr. Blackburn, "there was a farmer, who, strange to say, did not know the taste of whiskey. One day, at Christmas time, he was at a neighbor's house and was invited to sample a mixture of cream, lemon, sugar and other ingredients, commonly known as eggnog. He sipped, then drank, then drained several mugs. When he started to go home he felt curious. It's an insidious drink, you know, and when he reached home he went to bed. The next morning he awoke with an awful thirst. Breaking the thin covering of ice on the water bucket out on the porch he took one long drink.

"Mandy, Mandy, come here and bring the children," he shouted. "I never tasted such water in my life."

Mr. Brownlow, of Tennessee, has among his constituents an itinerant preacher who is not only an eloquent preacher, but in his opinion, has a knowledge of the Scriptures second to no one's. So confident is he that he can make clear the most obscure passages that he invariably asks his hearers to bring him any puzzling text they wish explained, says The Washington Post.

At the close of a very large and successful meeting a country bumpkin sitting in the back of the hall, in response to the pastor's invitation, announced that there was a matter, a very important matter, he would like to have unraveled.

Happy that an opportunity to show his erudition had come at last, the wise man encouraged the fellow to come to the front and present his problem.

"What I want to know is," said the buccie, "is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler."

And when the preacher turned red and coughed to hide his confusion his interrogator remarked in a voice that was audible through the whole hall: "I'll be darned if I didn't stomp him the first time!"

The Western Senator had the floor. It was a great speech and good, and pictured in glowing colors Nevada's future, if only men would be wise in their generation and make the appropriation for irrigation. He left nothing unsaid. He defied argument, and finally concluded by declaring solemnly:

"In fact, gentlemen, all Nevada needs is more water and better society." Whereupon Mr. Pescaden observed:

"I would like to remind the gentleman from the West that that is a hell news."

While the late Judge Thurman, of

Ohio, was in Congress, his wife, leaving for a visit to friends, exacted from the judge a promise that he would be a "celebrator" during her absence. On the day of Mrs. Thurman's return the judge stopped in the dining-room before going to see her to take a drop of that from which he had abstained during her absence. While in the act of pouring whiskey into his glass he heard Mrs. Thurman pattering down the stairs. Quickly putting his left hand, in which he held the glass, behind him, with his right hand extended, he said, "I'm glad to see you home, my dear."

"Allen, what have you behind you?" "Whiskey, my dear."

"Oh! Allen, don't you remember last year, when you were stumping the State, you didn't taste a drop, and you were never so well in your life?"

"Yes, my dear, I remember, but we lost the State."

During the Omaha Exposition Senator Chauncey M. Depew and S. R. Callaway, president of the American locomotive company, were strolling about the midway, taking in the sights, when they were invited into a large hall to see the "greatest performance on earth." The hall filled up rapidly and after waiting ten or fifteen minutes, the Senator said to Mr. Callaway: "This must be a good show—so many people are crowding in to see it." After some further waiting, during which the hall was jammed full, the late Senator Motion walked down the aisle, and stopping to shake hands with the Senator and Mr. Callaway, said, "What in thunder are you fellows doing in here? There is an old feller outside c'm'g out. Come in and see the great and only Chauncey M. Depew! Only 10 cents to see the great and only Chauncey!"

A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.—What appears to be a bank of burning coal well under the surface of the ground has been discovered in a ravine bluff on the farm of Eli Dennis, three miles west of Gordonsville, Grayson County, and twenty-eight miles from Sherman, Texas. A correspondent of the Dallas News makes the following statement of the peculiar occurrence:

About twenty days ago parties having occasion to traverse a ravine on the Eli Dennis farm thought they detected a clump of burning coal, but could not get near it. At intervals thereafter a small fire made the same sort of report. One day a man saw a vapor wisp discovered "springing" from fissures in the bluff. This was watched and described materialized into an actual smoke which grew black and increased in volume. The smoke rose more and more until it reached a point where all kinds of vegetable growth near it was scorched to death, even trees succumbing.

As a matter of course the news spread rapidly and soon a hundred or more people had gathered. However, no effort was made to explain the fact until this morning. Swathing themselves in wet clothes and protecting their mouths and noses from the fumes of the smoke, several men began to wield picks and shovels, working at the most extreme end of a disconcerting fissure. After hard work, on an interdicted by the heat, a heavy vein of what may be lignite, but what is believed to be a good quality of soft coal was struck and nearer to the point where the smoke was puffing up from a space of about eight by fifteen feet, pieces of deposit were taken out and placed in a bucket. Of course, the investigation has not been carried far enough to make possible any reliable statement as to the extent of the deposit. It will require an expert mineralogist to determine what it is, and geologists will have to be appealed to for a cause of this strange fire lighted by unseen hands.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.—Most who men are afraid of a loose dog or a tight man.

In trying to get his rights many a man goes at it the wrong way.

Wise is the man who can give a woman advice without incurring her enmity.

Talk is cheap; yet some people will give up a dollar to hear a tiresome lecture.

Milk of human kindness is usually of poor quality and little in the can. If poverty is ever abolished every bachelor will either have to marry or act as his own servant.

Job evidently had no desire for fleckle fame. He was in a position to win out as a manufacturer of profane history—but he didn't.

A fat man always has more troubles than he has sympathizers.

Jumping a summer resort board bill is one way to beat a retreat.

When a man goes at things head first he often gets there with both feet. Be sure your sins will find you out if you ever over a candidate for office.

Many a young man has been cured of palpitation of the heart by marrying the girl.

Religion as a rule flourishes better in connection with adversity than with prosperity.

A Kentucky paper mentions a "yawning oil well" in that State. Somebody must have been boring it.

The Ohio man who buried \$2,000 in gold in 1860 and has just found it, is not so much out of pocket by losing over forty years interest as one might suppose, for the bank in which he would have invested it failed in 1873.

## IN A HUMOROUS VEIN.

Mother—"Tommy, if you don't sit still I'll have to punish you. Why can't you be patient?"

An absent husband telegraphed to his wife: "I send you a kiss." He received the reply: "Spruce young man called and delivered the kiss in good order."

Barber—"Will you have anything on your face when I have finished, sir?" Victim—"I do not know. But I hope you'll save my nose, at least."

"We never realize the full value of a thing until we lose it," remarked the moralist.

"That's right," remarked the practical man, "especially if the thing lost was insured."

Teacher—"Tommy, what is the difference between a comma and a period?" Tommy—"A comma is a dot with a tail to it and a period is a hob-tail dot."

"Colonel," said the reporter, "what is your opinion of this water cure?" The gentleman from Kentucky drew himself up to his full height, but would not say a word.

Father (impressively)—Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?

Irreverent Son—"I'd stay here. The question is: 'What would become of you?'"

"I see you attend nearly every game. Do you understand the game?" "No," replied the pretty girl in the white duck suit. "I hate the game—but that pitcher is mighty handsome."

Mr. Stubbs—Here's an item that says when women marry they stop reading so much fiction.

Mrs. Stubbs—Well, John, I guess that's because they hear so much from their husbands.

Mrs. Gayboy (who is not a prize beauty)—A friend of mine says you only married me for money. Is it true?

Gayboy—Certainly not, dear. It may seem improbable, but I really and truly married you for love.

Biggs—So Jaggsby has passed in his checks, eh? Poor fellow, he had many vices.

Biggs—Yes, but he had at least one redeeming virtue.

Biggs—What was that?

Biggs—He never smoked cigarettes.

"Mamma," said little Georgia, "does a deaf and dumb boy talk with his fingers?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

"Well," continued the small interrogator, "how do you suppose he says his prayers if his fingers are sore?"

Instead of the American expression, "cut off clothing," the English use, "left off clothing." In an English newspaper an advertisement stated that "Mr. and Mrs. Brown have left off clothing of every description and invite your careful inspection."

"Lend me your car a minute," remarked Mrs. Brown to her husband the other evening. "Will you give it back to me?" he inquired with mock anxiety. "Of course I will, you idiot! Do you suppose I want to start a tannery?" She got the car.

Mrs. Gaswell—So Ethel married abroad and married well, did she?

Mrs. Dukane—What I said was that she was well married.

"How?"

"There were two ceremonies, a civil and a religious."

"No, Johnny, said the father, as they sat at dinner, "you can't have a second piece of pie. One is enough for you."

"There 'tis again," rejoined the little fellow. "You are always saying! I must learn to eat pie with a fork and then you won't gimme a chance."

"Now, little boy, what's the meaning of the word hypocrisy?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her favorite pupil.

"I can't explain what it is, but I know it all the same."

"Give me an example of hypocrisy."

"When a fellow says he loves his Sunday school teacher. That's hypocrisy."

A well known judge on a Virginia circuit was recently reminded very forcibly of his approaching baldness by one of his rural acquaintances.

"Judge," drawled the farmer, "it won't be so very long 'fo you'll have to tie a string around yer head to tell how fer up to it wash your face."

"Have a cigar. One of my favorite brands," said Cheeply. "Thanks," Jenks, who knew the brand, replied, as he carefully placed the cigar in his hat. "Do you always keep cigars there?" inquired Cheeply. "No; only certain kinds. You know, they say a few cabbage leaves in your hat will prevent sunstroke."

"She's one of the most economical women I ever saw," her neighbor was saying. "Why, do you know what she did? She got married three weeks before she was ready, just to make it possible for her husband to take advantage of the summer excursion rates on their wedding trip, and they were only going about eighty miles, anyway."

The following explanatory note accompanied a Liberty (Mo.) young man's wedding gift to a friend: "My

dear girl: You will find in the box a thingamajig, which has something to do with eating. It's a cross between a harpoon and a hayfork. It may be for spearing pickles or stacking chopped cabbage. Any way, you will be so happy that you won't care."

District attorney Jerome, of New York, whose father, Lawrence Jerome, was a celebrated wit of his day, says that on a certain occasion when he was a little chap he was riding on his father's knee in a Fifth avenue stage, every other seat being taken. At the corner a lady entered and his father said to him in severe tones: "Why, Travers, my boy, I am ashamed of you! Why don't you get up and give this lady your seat?"

THE CHANGE IN TEXT BOOKS

The State Board of Education Make a Statement in Justice to Superintendent McMahan.

At the campaign meeting in Kings-tree on the 16th inst., the most notable feature was the introduction of a letter from Governor McSweney, chairman of State board of education, relative to the change in text books for the public schools. The report is as follows:

Mr. McMahan was first introduced, coming forward amid applause. Mr. McMahan's thoughtful words on government and education were again heard with closest interest. Having by inherent right, best types of manhood and womanhood, careful training of children should make South Carolina even more glorious in the future. County school superintendent should be skilled school men, appointed by boards elected by the people, superintendents to be retained as long as their services were satisfactory. Applauded and five bouquets of flowers with renewed applause.

Mr. Martin next, was reminded of a couplet suggesting sleeping beneath the flowers. Mr. Martin saw no work more important than school work, had worked in this field and his interest in this would always be great. Whatever criticisms may have been made against opponent came from conscientious motives. Different conditions require different remedies. Opposed to election of board and appointment of superintendents. Opposed to wholesale change of books. Some books are good in new ones, others should have been retained. Reading editorial from The State of July 13, thought the editor of The State should attend to his own business. Mr. Martin was interrupted with applause. Closed with cheers and hurrahs for Mr. Martin.

At the conclusion of Mr. Martin's remarks, Superintendent McMahan asked to read a letter from Gov. McSweney and other members of the board. Gov. McSweney's letter to members of State board reads as follows:

"In view of comments made in present campaign in reference to adoption of text books, I deem it but justice that we sign and send to the Hon. Jno. J. McMahan the enclosed statement of facts, to be used as he sees fit. I have signed one and mailed it to him. I hope you will like the same view that I do and will sign statement and forward it to Mr. McMahan. (Signed) M. B. McSWENEY, Gov. and Gen. State Bd. of Education."

The letter addressed Mr. McMahan reads as follows:

In view of the unjust attacks made upon you with reference to the adoption of text books, it is but justice that we—as members of the State board, responsible for the changes in the text books, come forward and make following statement:

(1) You are in no sense responsible for the appointment of the men who made the adoption. The Governor exercised his prerogative under the constitution and appointed the seven members without regard to your preferences.

(2) You are not responsible for the changes made in the books. You strongly opposed the adoption of some. A board of nine men selected the books by a majority vote in such cases, and no one man could control the result or can have praise or blame new and novel attractions that will both instruct and amuse. These will be announced later. All immoral shows and devices for gambling under any form whatever will be excluded from the grounds of the society; and any person caught violating any law of the State by practicing any gambling game or device will be immediately arrested.

"Realizing how large a part of the successes of the past exhibitions has been owing to the work of the fair women of the State, the society earnestly requests exhibits in the several departments."

"The large attendance at the fair offers a splendid inducement to manufacturers to make elaborate displays of their works. On all the leading rail-

roads of the State entering Columbia excursion rates will prevail during fair week, thus extending facilities for visiting the fair to the people of every quarter of the State.

Visitors to Columbia will find much to entertain them besides the fair. Among the places of interest may be mentioned the State house, asylums, penitentiary, cemetery, factories, colleges, graded schools, churches, etc.

Every effort is made by the city to entertain her visitors, who are assured that they will receive a cordial reception and spend a pleasant time. The fair is conducted for the benefit of the public at large, and their moral support and active co-operation are requested in order to make a thirty-fifth annual fair the grandest in the history of the agricultural and mechanical society.

Every effort is to be made to make the fair this year a great success, and the people of Columbia may be relied upon to do their part.

A SON'S DEVOTION.—The Atlanta Constitution says that an anecdote descriptive of a fine phase of the late William A. Hemphill's character was, strangely enough, related from the pulpit last Sunday night by Rev. T. B. Cleveland, who at the time knew nothing of Columbia Hemphill's illness. In less than two hours afterwards Colonel Hemphill was dead. Mr. Cleveland had chosen the duty of a child to his parent as the general theme of his sermon, and it was to illustrate a rare display of devotion that he told of the Hemphill incident.

"The most touching and dramatic evidence of a son's devotion to his mother that I ever saw happened at the battle of Gettysburg," said Mr. Cleveland. "When the battle was raging at its hottest, and men on the Confederate side were falling by hundreds, I saw a stalwart young Southern soldier reeling from the lines to the rear, where the hospital was located. He had been badly shot in the face, and the blood was gushing forth in streams. As he picked his way over the rough ground it was plain to see that his condition was serious, and that the loss of blood had greatly weakened him. But what attracted my attention most was the position of his hands, which were held upright over his head and contained a small object, which I could not make out for the smoke and dust of the battle. I was so interested that I followed the young man, and asked him why he held his hands as he did, and what it was he carried. A wan smile lit his face, and he said:

"It's a Bible that my mother gave me. It was in my pocket when I was hurt, and I took it out to keep it from getting bloody!"

"That man," continued Mr. Cleveland, "was William A. Hemphill, of Atlanta, then a gunner in the Confederate army."

The condition of Porto Rico under the United States rule is represented as being greatly improved. In 400 years of Spanish power not one schoolhouse was erected, but within two years \$200,000 has been expended in the building of schoolhouses and 126 teachers from the United States are instructing the children, besides a large number of natives. In 22 of the new schoolhouses agriculture is taught in a scientific method. It is stated that as many as 40,000 of the scholars in the schools already speak the English language.

The management of a Kansas City hotel is preparing to serve hot meals at private houses. The meals will be cooked at the hotel, and delivered in a special wagon equipped with devices for keeping the food in proper condition.

The annual report of the department of agriculture shows that there are just 253,513 acres planted in sugar beets in this country.

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